

Midnight Mayhem

by fullmoonrisin

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Summary: Short one-shot in which The Shape returns to the former Wallace house to pick up where he left off there in 1978.

Midnight Mayhem

Alright, so what we have here is basically a Halloween drabble that I wrote several months ago set about 25 years or so after the events of Halloween II. It ignores all films following the original H2 that might make reference to/show the actual fate of cannon characters. Anyway, R&R and enjoy!

Silence: It perforates every corner of the house; scratches on the walls, and taps on the windows. The only sound is the sad howling of the October wind through the trees outside. There is nothing but silence and its companion, the darkness. Then suddenly, a faint repetitive clicking noise can be heard. If anyone around to hear the noise were to listen closely, they'd be able to discern that it is the sound of fingers dancing across a keyboard.

Within the stillness of the old two story Victorian house on Orange Grove Avenue sits a woman. She pauses in the middle of her typing to pull a duvet around her shoulders against the chill of the fall air. It was more than that, though. This house—this town—had always made her uneasy, especially around Halloween. It didn't help that she was living in that house; the old Wallace house. This year at college had been one of the most unsettling. She had noticed the graves of his victims while at the cemetery for family funerals, she had heard the stories, but it wasn't until a recent research assignment on Dr. Sam Loomis that she actually beheld tangible evidence of the gruesome acts that had happened in the house

Of course, she thought to herself as a distant clap of thunder caused her to jump, that interview that the good doctor had consented to didn't exactly slow the pulse. It was no secret that dark, unspeakable things, dwelled behind that infamous white mask. However,

years of chasing after his deranged patient seemed to have taken their toll on Loomis' psyche as well.

Michael Myers was finished in Haddonfield, wasn't he? He had no more family living here. Nothing but that old house at 45 Lampkin Lane and rows of headstones at Mt. Sinclair Cemetery remained of the Midwest boogeyman's legacy. Surely he wouldn't come backâ€|

Another _huge_ rumble accompanied by a bright flash of lightning made Becca pause once again in her nervous state. As the lightning illuminated the bedroom, her eyes whipped to the doorway.

For the briefest of moments, she could swear that she had seen movement out in the hallway despite the fact that she was alone for the evening, so, she called out.

"Is someone there?"

Whether it was to startle any possible intruder or make herself feel braver, she didn't know, but after several moments without reply, she went back to her typing. Moments later, she was again startled by a loud noise; this time it came from the neighbor's back yard. Apparently, he found the dead of night in the middle of a lightning storm the perfect time to chop wood. Once again, Becca breathed a sigh of relief and continued on with her work.

It was only a few minutes later that she decided to take a break and rest her eyes for a minute.

That's when she heard it; a noise very similar to the chopping noise from the neighboring yard. This time it was clearly coming from downstairs! She picked up her cell phone to call someone, anyone, 911, but all she could hear was the out of service dial tone. The girl swallowed heavily at what she was about to do. Meanwhile, the cynical part of her brain groaned at the bad horror movie clichÃ© that she'd stumbled into.

"Really?" She wondered to herself as she grabbed the only available weapon she could see. "I'm going after a strange noise with a curtain rod? Yeah, that'll hurt." She rolled her eyes at the absurdity of the situation, yet inside she was still frightened as she trekked into the hallway and began the trek down the staircase, cursing under her breath when one of the steps creaked under her weight.

"Hello?" She asked again, entering the darkened living room and flipping the light switch only to find that the light would not come on.

"Whoever you are, I can kick your ass in six hundred different ways."

Again, the call was met with only the noises of the wind and the occasional thunder clap as she moved into the kitchen and scanned the room.

Shortly after making her way into the small kitchen area, the young college student grew irritated at what was apparently a false alarm and her shoulders relaxed with the release of all her pent up anxiety as she heaved a relieved sigh. The old French door that led to the back yard was standing open again. In any other house that would've

been cause for more alarm as opposed to relief, but alas, the door had become warped with age and exposure to the elements, making it prone to opening itself without any apparent cause.

Without another thought, the girl stepped across the kitchen and pulled the glass door shut.

She had missed it at first, but the faint glimmer of the unusual beneath her fingertips caused her to open the door again and crane her neck around the other side to get a better look at the spot where her hand gripped the white frame just below the knob. What she saw made her stagger backwards as a cocktail of shock, horror, and realization punched her square in the gut. There was a dirty handprint on the outside of the door—definitely a man's handprint at that.

There was not even a moment for her to process that information and tell her legs to start moving before a flash of movement grabbed her attention in a pane of glass. Whimpering, she saw that surreal, horrifying image of the white mask that had come to symbolize Haddonfield's own grim reaper. It was the last thing that Becca Grissom ever saw as she let out an unearthly, piercing scream that melded with the sounds of the storm raging outside.

The next morning found the old Wallace house surrounded by police vehicles, news vans, and a mix of curious and frightened onlookers as investigators combed through the house. The body had been discovered early by the neighbor, hanging from the clothesline in the back yard. Blood stains trailed from the back door all the way to where the body was hung and the plasma covered the torso area so thickly that it was hard to count the stab wounds. The coroner suspected, though, that the actual cause of death was the curtain rod that had been shoved down the young woman's throat.

Other than these things, there seemed to be no trace of the killer. Everyone at the scene suspected the same thing though. There was no doubt in anyone's mind that Michael had killed again; but why now? Had he truly come back to finish what he started so long ago in this house only to disappear with the storm to places unknown to any man? Perhaps Laurie Strode, in a trauma induced fit of psychosis, had been the murderer. Maybe Dr. Loomis had been so obsessed with his patient for so long that he could no longer live without the maniac, and so he assumed the identity himself.

All explanations are plausible, but the people of Haddonfield have this to question: If it really was Myers, how long would any single one of them have to live?

Well, that's it. I hope you liked it! Again, this story ignores all movies that follow Halloween II.

End
file.